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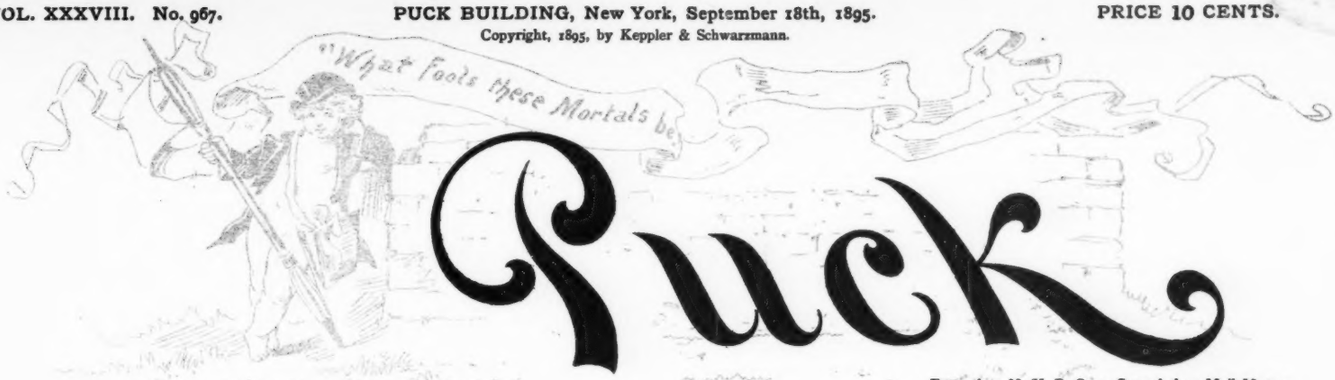

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BOTH SATISFIED.

REPUBLICAN PARTY.— Is n't it lovely to have so many eligible young men to choose from?
DEMOCRATIC PARTY.— Well, I 'm satisfied with my present escort, — and I don't worry about the future.

PUCK

QUEEN OF THE WHIPS.

LOUISE! LOUISE! her praises dwell
This day on many lips;
One glance, and none could fail to tell
That she 's the queen of whips.

She drives to-day the finest team
In all the gay parade,
And every horseman has his dream—
A thousand slaves she 's made.

So straight and firm the ribbons run
To those small tyrant hands,
The prancing four are wholly won
To serve as she commands.

Envied are they who ride to-day
Behind her waving lash;
Louise! Louise! be wise, I pray,
(For sometimes she is rash.)

The prize is hers! and she will see
Her fame spread far and wide;
To-day the coaching queen is she
Of all the mountain side.

And then the ball, whose glory 's hers,
For here she reigns, as well;
But it 's a-coaching she prefers
To be the reining belle.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

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JUST IN TIME.

MR. HAYTON.—If ther suit is worth fifty dollars, as you say, I don't see how you can afford to sell it fer six-ninety-seven!

MR. ISAACS *(confidentially)*.—Hark, mein frendt, I dells you somedings! I vas a goot Gatholic, undt der briest says I must do penance; so I sells you dot suit at a brice vot nearly bankrupts me!

THE WAY TO HER HEART.

"How did Watson ever induce that rich old Miss Cashly to marry him?"

"He raised a beard."

"What had that to do with it?"

"It made him look like a cat."

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WOULD DO HIS PART.

EDITOR.—Yes, we need a man. Do you know how to run a newspaper?

APPLICANT.—No, sir; but I 'm willing to learn. I 've been in the business over ten years.

THE OFFICE-BOY'S RUSE.

I 'M GOIN' to inhale me cigarettes
Till I 've blisters on me tongue,
In spite of der warnin's dat I gets
Of how she 'll affeck me lung.

An' den when I gets a nice hackin' cough
An' practices up on de same,
Dey 'll t'ink I am sick de days I stay off
To go to de base-ball game.

R. L. Mc.

IT IS a little surprising, but the cynic usually manages to retain a fairly good opinion of himself.

HEATED ARGUMENTS sometimes cool friendship.

"THERE IS a difference of opinion between Hen Peck and his wife."

"Ah?"

"Yes; she thought one way, and he thought she thought another way."

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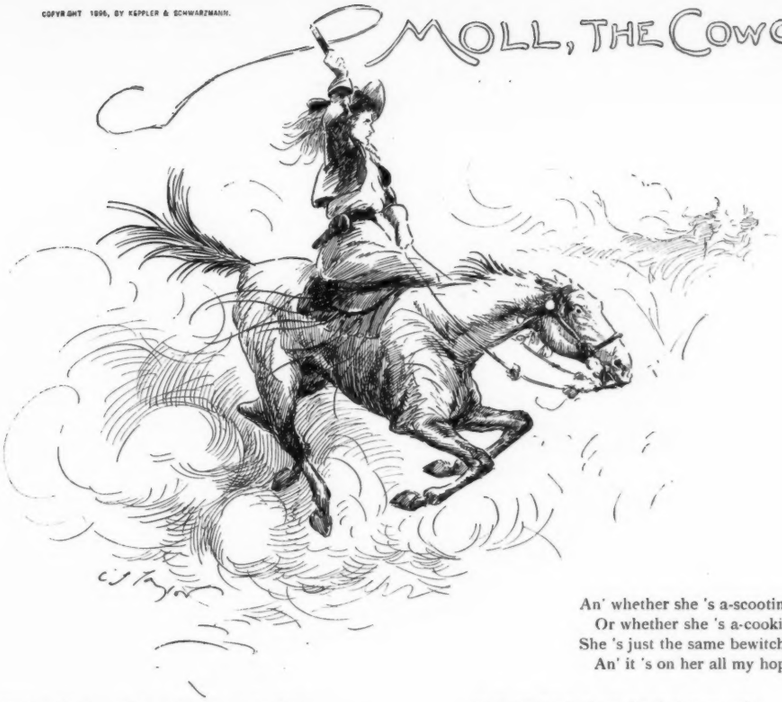
MOLL, THE COWGIRL.



SHE SETS into her saddle like she 's glood there,
An' she 's very pert an' allus mongst the fust;
The broncho she 's a-ridin' ain't no brood mare,
But a feller 'at knows how ter scatter dust.

Oh, Moll! don't yer jump them washes!
Ter see yer take sech leaps it turns me cold.
Here she comes a-flyin',
Her "Loo, hulloo!" a-cryin',
An' her rope on me has got a cinchin' hold.

Oh! mebbe she don't savve breakin' mustangs;
'Bout brands she may fergit a thing or two,
But when it comes ter lass'in', why she just hangs,
An' she 's ekal ter the best, no matter who.

Yeh oughter seen her las' night in the dust storm,
When the cattle was cavortin' wild, indeed!
Oh! mebbe that there gal did n't go for 'm!
An' perhaps she did n't stop their mad stampede!

Yeh oughter heerd her yellin' to 'em sassy;
'T would done yeh good ter see 'em sober down;
No nonsense did she stan' a bit, that lass, she
Just faced 'em, an' she flanked 'em roun' an' roun'.

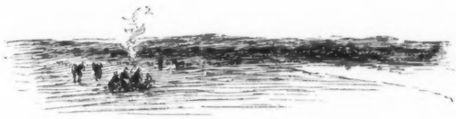
An' whether she 's a-scootin' crost the prairie,
Or whether she 's a-cookin' fer the gang,
She 's just the same bewitchin' little fairy,
An' it 's on her all my hopes an' dreams they hang.

With a shooter she 's as handy as she kin be,
An' the boys they see she don't stan' any talk;
If they dare at her make eyes it would a sin be,
An' they know she 'd make 'em git right up an' walk.

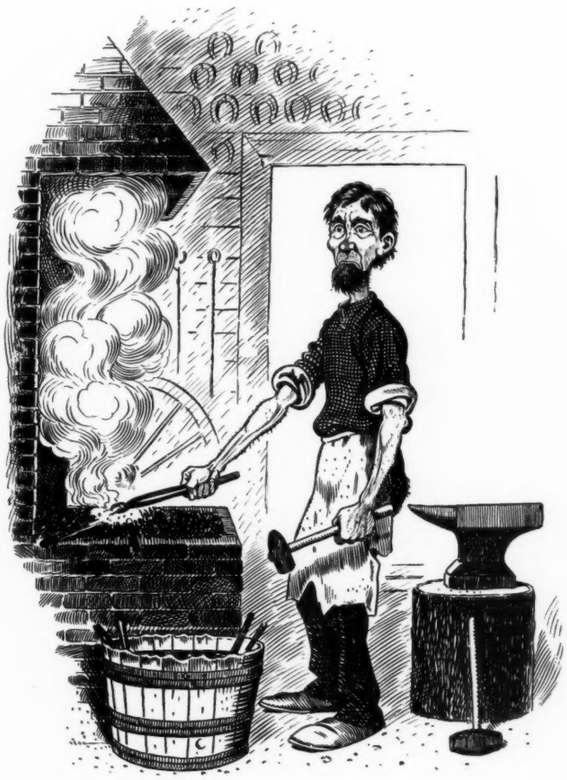
Well, 't ain't no life fer sech a nice young woman;
But when I say so, off she flies pell-mell.
It 'll take an effort suthin' more 'n hooman
To git her into my own strong correll.

Moll, Moll! look out fer that steer, gal!
He 's got a horn 's sharp 's a Greaser's knife.
Come, come ter me now, that 's a dear gal!
Fer yer more ter me than cattle, gold er life.
Here she comes a-flyin',
Her "Loo, hulloo!" a-cryin',
An' she 's more ter me than cattle, gold er life!

Frank Bailey Millard.



ANOTHER IDOL SHATTERED.



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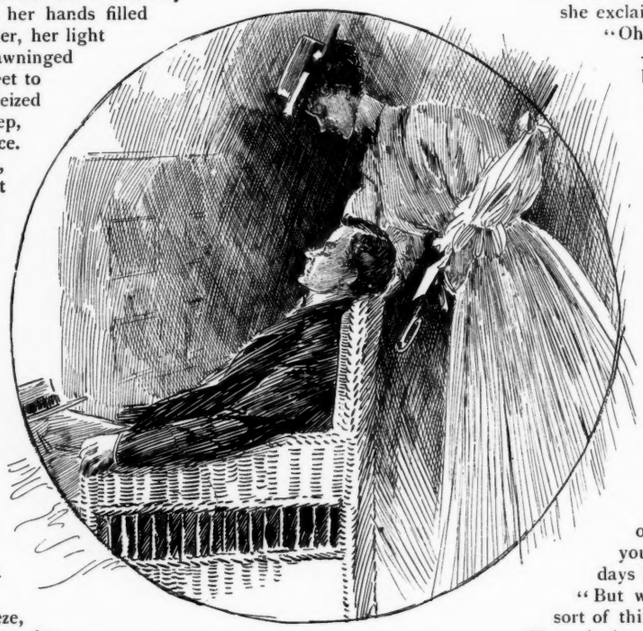
THIS IS THE USUAL "BRAWNY" BLACKSMITH;—

—AND THIS IS THE USUAL "NAMBY-PAMBY" CHILD OF FORTUNE, WHO NEVER DID A STROKE OF WORK IN HIS LIFE.

ENDYMION

ALL THE others had gone to the tennis grounds. She was detained writing a letter; and he, waiting for her in the cool and darkened hall, grew tired of cigarette and magazine, grumbling lazily at her lack of consideration. Stretched in a huge wicker chair, he half-dozed with dropped lids.

Finally, a rustle heralded her coming, and he knew, if he looked up, he would see her slowly coming down the stairs, her hands filled with parasol, gloves and letter, her light gown showing prettily in the awninged gloom. Instead of springing to his feet to meet her at the last step, a lazy fancy seized him to stay where he was, feigning sleep, and arousing her wrath at his indolence.



She caught sight of him as she came, and after a little pause of surprise, kept on with slow and silent caution, not to waken him. The level reached, she stood a long, breathless minute, looking across at him, while a sudden importunate impulse conquered conventionality, a deep red grew on her cheek, and her lip trembled. Stepping lightly from rug to rug, to avoid the betraying floor, she reached the wicker chair, and stooping softly, touched her lips where the dark hair sprang from his forehead. Then, in panic haste, she fled through the long window to the verandah beyond. When her breath came more slowly, she walked up and down with audible footsteps, and, calling his name aloud, announced with a great show of readiness that she was waiting.

As they walked in the sun and breeze, they were somewhat silent, — she, as she often was with him, — he, thinking in a subdued fashion. Hitherto, he had often thought her quietness indifference; to-day it did not seem the same. He was tormented with a desire to speak to her of what had just passed; would it not be more honest, if a little cruel, to let her know that he knew; and in what ingenious way would she turn it off? Finally he broke a busy silence by saying:

"It must have been an eight-page letter; was n't it?"

Her gaze strayed to a distant clover-field as she answered:

"I suppose I was slow; I 'm sorry you had to wait so long."

"Oh, I managed to while away the time; perhaps you noticed, as you came down, that I looked very much as if I was asleep."

Her eyes came back from the clover with a start, and she looked at him with a sudden, shamed, desperate insistence, as she exclaimed:

"Oh, you *were* asleep! You know you were! — quite fast asleep!" and unclasping her hand, she let the breeze carry her parasol some dozen yards down the road. Of course, he must run after it; and to dust it off and bring it back created the diversion and took the time she had intended; but, after all, he said slowly, as if no interruption had occurred:

"Yes, you are quite right; I was asleep, and your calling me from the verandah was the first thing I heard."

A glance almost too swift to show the gratitude was his reward.

After a while: "You must let me have my other glove," she said, in a tone that showed her spirits rising as the danger passed. "I thought I had lost it; but I see you have picked it up."

"I will return it," he answered, smoothing the rumpled suede, "on one condition; and that is, that when you are quite through with it, days and days from now, you will give it to me."

"But why?" she asked half-saucily. "That sort of thing is not like you."

They had entered the club grounds; people were coming toward them; their walk was at an end.

"Because," he answered, very gently, "I found it by the wicker chair."

Katherine Perry.

NEWS TO HIM.

"There goes the beautiful Miss Brown."

"Indeed! Why, I did n't know Brown was that wealthy!"

POLITICS MAKE strange gaolfellows.

NEW YORK is the life-preserver of Brooklyn.

PARENTAL CONCESSIONS.

PATER.—You want to marry this Italian about whom you know nothing?

FILIA.— You can't find any fault with him. Don't you think he is entirely capable of supporting a wife?

PATER.—Yes, yes — two or three of them, I grant you.

REFLECTED GLORY.

CHIMMY. — Wot 's der matter wid Reddy Smith? He 's so stuck up he hardly speaks to anybody.

TOMMY.—Why, did n't you hear? His Uncle Bill broke out of the penitentiary last night!

NO MAN is a hero to his dentist.

PLACED.

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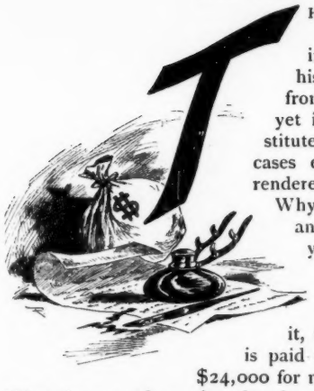
"De ole woman done bought dis fo' me at dat Fair. Looks kinder small!"

"Lordy! It don't fit 'r bit.

"She 's foolish: dis must be 'r chile's size.

"Ah! Golly! Dat 's all right!"

THE PAY OF WRITERS.



THACKERAY CONTENDED that literature is well paid. It would not be modest in any humorist of to-day to say that his own work is not royally rewarded at from three to ten stivers per column, and yet it seems to many that the rewards instituted in our complex life are not in all cases equally proportional to the services rendered.

Why should the president of an insurance company be paid $25,000 a year for marshalling a corps of bores to solicit insurance, and a corps of bluffing adjusters to avoid paying it, when the gentle humorist is paid only $23,000 or possibly $24,000 for making life merry and gay. What the rewards are in other branches of writing I do not know, but I would say to the gentle farm-boy who is about to choose a career in a world of which he knows only by legend, that the compensation of the humorist is now very low. Times have changed — times have sadly changed. Humor itself is, of course, about what it used to be, but the reward of humor has fallen off.

A paragraph is now worth but fifty cents. At first glance this seems enough, and yet think what would have been the result if former humorists had been rewarded on the same scale. Sidney Smith, the great wit whom the world admires, would, if I sum up his witticisms aright at a dozen, have been paid during his merry life the sum of $6 — probably in twelve post-office money orders. Talleyrand would have been paid one dollar — fifty cents for his joke on the use of language, and fifty cents for some inferior joke accepted during a dearth of copy. Lincoln would have amassed perhaps $20, and dear Artemus would have received, instead of a basket of money, the price of a suit of clothes; but for this he would have had to wait until "publication," so that during the greater part of his life he must have gone about in a barrel.

I believe that some humorists are better paid than others, and very possibly the discrimination is just, though in confidential communion with the more poorly rewarded I have heard the discrimination condemned; and the statement has been made that our more fortunate fellow-craftsmen are of no better skill — that in fact they are, as is well known, very indifferent workmen, who entirely lack the true touch and feeling, and that if their work is in greater demand and they are better paid, it is only through the caprice and delusion of an incompetent public. In these gatherings we lament our outcast state. We do not wish ill to the pets of foolish Fortune, but it is certainly hard for the true artist to see an inferior writer gain access to people's thoughts merely through a flaw in their minds.

Williston Fish.

JUST OUT.

MRS. NEWLYWED. — I want one of your best pies.

BAKER. — What kind of fruit?

MRS. NEWLYWED. — Have you got any tutti-frutti?

LOYAL SUBJECT.

DIX. — How long has your cook been with you?

HICKS. — This is the second year of her reign.

THE ONLY WAY.

WILLIAM ANN. — The only way to see New York is to come and stay a week.

UPCREEK. — I should think it would take longer than that.

WILLIAM ANN. — No; if you stayed longer you might begin to suspect you had n't seen it at all.

UNLIKE THE lily of the field,
In bloomers cool and thin,
Although she toils not, down the hill
You bet that she doth spin.

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COSTLY EDUCATION.

MRS. NURICH. — You can't think, brother Caleb, what an expense it 's been to us, learning Amelia to play the pianner.

BROTHER CALEB *(dolefully)*. — It can't compare with what I had to pay out when George was learning to play the races. And he did n't learn much, either.

HE KEPT OFF HER TRAIN.

"Yes!" sighed the opera manager; "we had a pretty rough season every way. But what took the sand out of me was the row between de Recker, the leading tenor, and Squachi, the prima donna. You know what an awkward stage presence de Recker has? Well, he stepped on Squachi's train thirteen times during one performance, and the next night she came on as Marguerite, in bloomers. That came mighty near breaking us."

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GIRLY GIRLS.

ETHEL. — Would n't it be funny if George should fall in love with me?

MAUD. — Perfectly ridiculous!

AN EXAMPLE.

"But beauty seen is never lost,
God's colors all are fast."
— *Whittier.*

Fast, are they? Wonder if Whittier ever fell on a grassplot when he had white duck trousers on?

ONTO HIM.

OLD SAGELY. — Young man, when I was your age I thought, like you, that I knew it all; but now I have reached the conclusion that I know nothing.

YOUNG SWIFT. — Huh! I reached that conclusion about you a long time ago.

AT THE mountain-top of success many a man is swamped.

ON THE billow of prosperity
It 's fine to riding go;
But that 's the time we should look out
For the baneful undertow.

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WELL-MEANING.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.— They say it 's not polite to be helped twicet, Mr. Dunnigan; but ye 'll take another piece of my cake, won't ye?

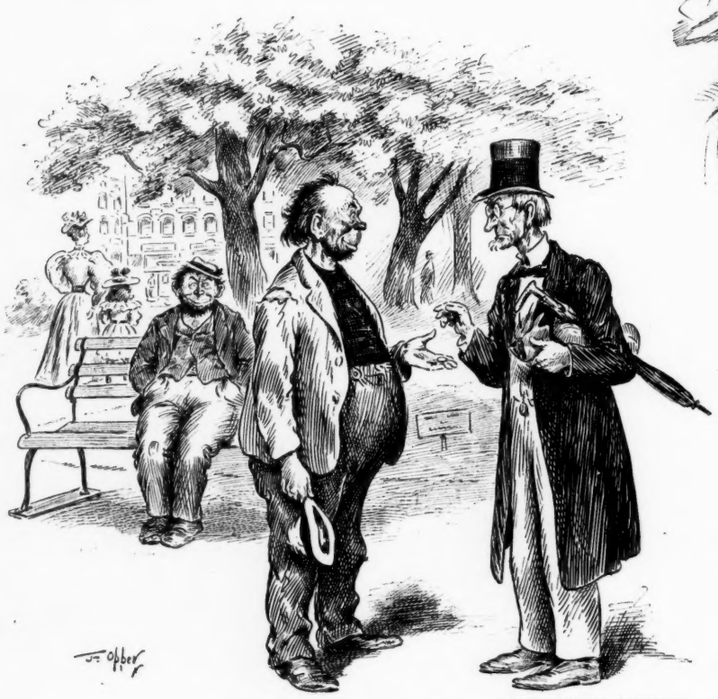
DUNNIGAN.— Indade, Oi will thot, Mrs. O'Flaherty! Sure, ut 's the hoight o' poloitniss to ate a sicind piece o' such cake as this.

REASON FOR DOUBT.

HOJACK.— I don't believe that Scadds is a real multi-millionnaire.

TOMDIK.— Why don't you?

HOJACK.— I asked him if his happiest days were n't those when he was making only $1.25 a day, and he replied that they were not — that he was happier now than at any previous time in his life.



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GROUNDLESS FEARS.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.— In giving you that quarter, sir, I 'm afraid I 've befriended a hard drinker.

THE BENEFICIARY.— You 're mistaken this time, sir; drinking is one of the easiest things I do.

EXTREMES MEET.

STAPLETON.— Well, what do you think of my friend Pemberton?

CALDECOTT.— Why, I hardly know! He told me he believed the earth was flat. He must either be densely ignorant or extremely progressive; I can't make out which.

A SINGLE.

Maids who the matrimonial knot
Would learn to tie, should know
That just at present it is not
The common double-bow.

Roe L. Hendrick.

AN EXPLANATION.

GREEN.— By the way, Lamb, what *is* an option, anyhow?

LAMB.— In my experience, an option is a privilege of buying stock which is sure to go down, or of selling stock which is sure to go up.

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MIGHT LOSE HIS JOB.

PASSENGER.— Why did n't you tell me there was a block ahead before you took my fare?

CONDUCTOR.— I did n't dare, sir! That was one of the directors of the road who sat next to you.

A CHIEF OF MODERN BANDITS.

ROBIN HOOD.— What luck to-day, my merry men?

LITTLE JOHN.— Beastly! Not a traveler have we met.

ROBIN HOOD.— If times don't improve, we 'll have to form ourselves into a company and build a hotel. Maid Marian can be the cook; Allen Dale can furnish the music; Friar Tuck can be the bartender; you, Little John, the clerk; and I — I 'll be the head-waiter.

AN INSTANCE AT POINT.

COHENHEIMER.— Acht! Mergenthaler, have you heardt der news? Geldheimer haf failed again!

MERGENTHALER *(impressively)*.— Vell, idt 's der oldt saying— "Nodding sugceeds like sugcess!"

GUEST.— What beautiful china! I never saw anything like it before.

FLOWER OF FAMILY.— Good! Ma was n't sure whether you ever called on the Joneses or not.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PRINCIPLES AND POLITICIANS.

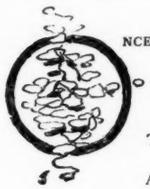
IT IS a most curious and suggestive phase of the present political situation that, in the present half-idle, half-thoughtful deliberation over the question of possible presidential candidates in the great political parties, the man's personality and individual popularity seem to be the sole considerations on one side; while, on the other, the principles that he represents undoubtedly overshadow the personal attractions of the man himself. This is a most curious reversal of the state of affairs that existed four years before the nomination of Mr. Harrison. The Democratic party then put forward Mr. Cleveland as a representative of the principles and policy of the Democracy; although in his first campaign he had led his party not so much as a statesman, a reformer or an innovator, as in the capacity of an exponent of business purity, honesty and uprightness in national politics. As a statesman he was practically untried; as a reformer he bound himself by no pledges, nor in any way fettered his own manly independence. And the conservative course of his executive career as Mayor and Governor gave no suggestion of promise that he would take it upon himself to break a new path — or, rather, to clear up an old one — for his own feet and the feet of his party.

* * *

But that is just exactly what Mr. Cleveland did. To the surprise, to the stupefaction, to the indignation of a large majority within his own party and without, he raised in the face of the whole nation an issue which could not be blinked at, which could not be disregarded, which could not be dodged by either his adherents or his opponents. His policy, put fairly and squarely before the people, was one that must either be disowned by the leaders of his party, with the practical consequence of disowning him as its leader-in-chief, or accepted as a watchword of battle — something to be fought for, loyally and faithfully, and not for one campaign — but for all campaigns to come. In point of fact, he forced upon his political organization the necessity of making its next fight (and all fights to follow) on a question of principle, and not on a question of personal and immediate suitability. The immediate results were disastrous to the organization. The practical politicians of the Democratic party were totally incapable of realizing the significance of the position he took. Principle and those politicians had long been strangers. After a full generation of exclusion from the benefits and profits of public office they had gathered all their strength to make one last desperate effort to elect a Democratic President — not because he would uphold Democratic principles; for they had been too long out of office to remember exactly what the principles of the Democratic party were — but because they thought they might make use of his peculiar and exceptional popularity at that particular juncture to get him installed in office as a sort of general distributing agent, willing to work hard at the heaven-sent task of taking federal places from their Republican incumbents and giving them to Democrats who had proved their capacity for industry in party politics — other requirements not being taken into consideration. To their great surprise, they found that Mr. Cleveland was not exactly the sort of man they had taken him for. They were, of course, aware of the fact, that he had given specific assurance in public, and in private, that he would be guided in the selections for office by considerations of personal fitness, rather than by the claims of partisan fealty. But, of course, they did not for a moment suppose that he meant it. That was what Presidential candidates always said. But a President-elect is not a Presidential candidate; and it had not hitherto been the custom to expect the successful competitor for the Presidency to set his chair of office on his campaign platform.

* * *

It was not until after the disastrous defeat of 1888 that the managers of the Democratic party — the politicians who did not know what they were in the business for unless it was for the offices — realized that it was not they who had elected Mr. Cleveland in 1884 and had given him a plurality of the popular vote in his second campaign. It was the people who had done it, in both cases; and they had done it with very little assistance from the professional politicians. They had done it in the one case because they considered him the more suitable man for the place; and in the other because they sincerely believed in the principles to which he had forced his party to give, at least, a nominal acceptance. In the years since then the politicians learned that the acceptance of those principles by the people at large was not of a nominal but of an intensely practical nature, and that the people meant to have the national financial and commercial policy conducted upon those principles. Thus has this one man established his party on a permanent and enduring basis — or, rather, re-established it. Where, eleven years ago, its sole opportunity of popular success lay in the unblemished character and courageous fidelity to the public service of its one possible candidate, Mr. Cleveland has given the Democracy a cause to fight for, an ideal to uphold and maintain which it has never known before in our day and generation; while, on the other hand, his policy has reduced his opponents to trading on the uncertain personal popularity of such of its prominent men as may have made themselves friends by their cleverness, their eloquence, their political skill and audacity — *not* by their adherence to any of the great principles of right and wrong, of wisdom or unwisdom, that must underlie all true statecraft and all true patriotism.



AUTUMN AND AN APOLOGY.

ONCE MORE the crisp and mellow Autumn 's here,
Casting upon the sward its gentle ray;
The brittle leaves in airy eddies play
Where the quail pipes his melody of cheer.
The cornstalk in the field is rustling sere,
The shining pumpkin gilds the furrowed way,
And in the mead the pensive breezes stray
Through the wan, weary whiskers of the year.

Oh, Nature never does a thing that 's new!
This Autumn 's like last Autumn, and the last
Was like the one before it, and the next
Will be like this — what can the poet do
But on his trumpet toot the same old blast
And mirror tiresome Nature in his text?

R. K. Munkittrick.

HIS STANDARD.

COLONEL WINDBAGGER *(the prominent politician).*— Are you in favor of maintaining the parity of gold and silver?

GRIMSHAW. — Have n't thought much about it; but I am enthusiastically in favor of a parity between the output of a statesman's mouth and his past record.

WHAT CAN'T be cured helps to support the doctor.

SMITHER.— What is the most costly lunch you ever ate?

RINKTUMS.— A "free lunch."

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MORE LIKE IT.

MR. NEWRICH.— And what did you say they called this affair?

MRS. NEWRICH.— Oh, you ignorant man! Will you *never* learn? This is what they call a Pink Tea.

MR. NEWRICH.— Well, from the size of some of the women I should call it a Beef Tea.

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THE PHŒNIX-LIKE "SU

SHE RISES GAYLY FROM THE ASHES OF HER SEASON'S CONQUESTS, TO CONTINUE HE

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK BUILDING, N.Y.

LIKE "SUMMER GIRL."

CONTINUE HER DEADLY WORK AS THE "WINTER GIRL" OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

MRS. McNAMARA DISCOURSES ON "TRILBY."

IT WAS 9 o'clock down on the pier. Lame Danny O'Brien had brought his accordion and was playing the "Sidewalks of New York" for some of the small children who were there dancing in the moonlight. Mrs. O'Hara had come down from Cherry Hill for "a bit of fresh air," as she expressed it, and Mrs. McNamara was waiting to see her daughter Mamie disembark in safety from the barge on the return of the Michael Feeny Association's "Annual Outing and Games" at Idlewild.

These were all that were present; for the most of the population in that section of the city were away on the outing aforesaid.

"An' phwat is this Trilby I do be hear them talking about so much?" asked Mrs. O'Hara, as Mrs. McNamara had settled down again after a sweeping glance up the river.

"It 's a book," said Mrs. McNamara, readily. "My Mamie — ah! there 's a schollard for ye! — has read it troo and troo. It 's a foine book, sure; foiner dthan Lora Jane Libbey's books, almosht."

"An' phwat 's it all about, Mrs. McNamara?" said Mrs. O'Hara with deep interest.

"Well, foorst it 's about t'ree painters — "

"My foorst husbin', Tim Clancy, wor a painter; but, sorrow the day! he fell from a scaffold in Prince Shtreet, an' afther laying t'ree weeks in Bellevue, phwat did he do but doi — "

"An'," continued Mrs. McNamara, not heeding the interruption, "dthere wor a girl named Trilby, fer who the book 's named for, dthat took in washin'."

"How much the dozen?" asked Mrs. O'Hara, interested, for she was in that line herself.

"I din knaw! But, ony way, there wor a Sheeny named Swengarly an' he coaxed her to run away."

"Mebbe he offered her a better job in his paper-box factory, loike Abe Roshinskey did Kitty McMurtha?" said Mrs. O'Hara.

"Naw," said Mrs. McNamara, disdainfully; "the poor gur-rl had hypnotism, Mamie said."

"Oh, the poor thing! An' did she have to carry a crutch?"

"Arrah, not at all!" said Mrs. McNamara, testily. "It wor loike phwat Professor Kelly does on the Bowery in the museums whin he makes the byes ate red pepper, thinking it 's ice-crame. It wor this Swengarly did ut, the blagguard!"

"May the divil fly away wid him!" said Mrs. O'Hara, earnestly.

"An' thin the next thing the painters knew she wor singin' fer big money in a concert hall."

"Sure, thot 's jist loike Maggie Sullivan, when she run away from home. Did n't her father foind her singing at Coney Island in pink toights? an' she 'd never come home but for the Jerry Society."

"Whin the painters," continued Mrs. McNamara, "saw her, the Lard — "

"Sure, it 's linseed-oil they use," said Mrs. O'Hara.

"It 's not phwat they used Oi 'm talkin' about. The Lard was the name of one of thim painter fellies. The other two wor Taffy and Little Willy," said Mrs. McNamara, severely.

"Sure, the Union does n't allow boys under twinty on the ladders," said Mrs. O'Hara.

"Well, no matter," said Mrs. McNamara; "Little Willy wor old enough to be dead-shtuck on Trilby."

"Did he pull dther Sheeny's whiskers?" asked Mrs. O'Hara, her mind reverting to a fine or two she had paid for her own boy, Mickey, for like offences.

"He did thot!" said Mrs. McNamara; "and dther Lard shlugged him; and Taffy, who wos a foine lad, six foot high, wid long soide - whiskers, himself, kicked his lungs out!"

"An' whin dther gang wor troo wid him?" inquired Mrs. O'Hara, anxiously.

"The Sheeny was waked," said Mrs. McNamara, sententiously.

"Arrah! thim painters is the divil!" said Mrs. O'Hara, admiringly, her thoughts reverting to the exploits of the late Mr. Clancy. "An' did they do toime fer ut?"

"Naw," said Mrs. McNamara, gravely; "I t'ink Paddy Divver wor on the binch, an' the painters had a pull an' it never got into General Sessions."

"An' phwat become of the gur-rl?" asked Mrs. O'Hara.

"Well, afther dther Sheeny croaked she lost her voice and dthey fired her from her job in the concert hall. Mamie towld me that the girl wor nutty all the toime."

"And did she marry Little Willy?"

"Naw; she got the gallopin' consumption and died whin she saw the Sheeny's picter."

"Mebbe they charged her six dollars for dther framin', loike they did me wit' Clancy's crayon," said Mrs. O'Hara.

"I dunno," said Mrs. McNamara; and as the sound of a band, playing "Maggie Mooney," was heard faintly, far up the river, she arose from the string-piece, saying: "And dthere comes the 'scursion, an' if my Mamie is wid that loafer Jimmy McGraw, I 'll break her back!"

Roy L. McCardell.

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WHERE WE ALL AGREE.

A young man may be a most pronounced "gold bug" and yet think 16 to 1 a delightful combination.

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REBUKED.

"Mr. Hawhaw," began the landlady, severely, "it is my earnest desire to keep my boarders as long as I can; but —"

"But — ha! ha! — Mrs. Hashley," chuckled the humorous boarder, "you do not really keep them long — you keep them so thin that they look much longer than they actually are. Tee-hee —"

"That will do, Mr. Hawhaw!" interrupted the landlady, sternly. "Time and again I have kept silent and permitted what you fondly imagine to be witticisms to go unrebuked; but, after you have gone so far as you did this morning, in loudly requesting the servant to bring you some capsules in which to take the butter, you must either pay one dollar more per week for your board or hunt another roof. That is my ultimatum, Mr. Hawhaw— govern yourself accordingly."

THEIR DAY OF SORROW.

EDITOR *Jayville Bugle (despondently).*—Don't wonder at me, Inkerman, that I break down. Here 's old Farmer Meadows, whom I have always counted on as my sure cash subscriber, remits this time with a bushel of onions!

FOREMAN *(sadly, also).*—Well, I don't blame you, old man; this kind of thing is enough to make a fellow weep.

PRIMUS. — What do the papers mean when they report a speaker's appearance as greeted with catcalls?

SECUNDUS.— Rats.

THE OPPORTUNITY of a lifetime is seldom labeled.

THE CUT-THROAT.

All eyes were turned upon the coarse, squat ruffian, as if impelled by some terrible fascination.

Again the keen blade glittered in the air, and, as if nerved to desperation, the heavy hand closed convulsively upon the handle, and again the social outcast stabbed wildly.

With moans of horror the terror-stricken throng turned, sickened from the sight.

But the Chicago man kept on calmly — eating with his knife.

FOR AGE upon age man has pressed,
His suit upon womankind;
She seems to have yielded at last,
And thus the bloomer we find.

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AN OLD ADAGE EXEMPLIFIED.

MISS ELDERS.— I don't see how they do it. That Widow Gettem is the most successful woman with the men I ever knew. She has married and buried three husbands and now she is to marry a fourth.

MISS WITHERS *(sadly)*.—Well, it 's the same old story, my dear: "Nothing succeeds like success."

PEGASUS KICKS.

ONE TIME I was the winged and noble steed
That moved divinely through the starry spheres;
Shod with the deathless fire of poesy,
The grand old leaf-wreathed gods were all my peers.

Now the car-horse by electricity
Has been retired, and my proud spirits droop; --
Soon by this steam-song age, like him, may I
Translated be into canned chicken soup.

R. K. M.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

JACKSON.— They talk of putting some of the messenger boys on bicycles.

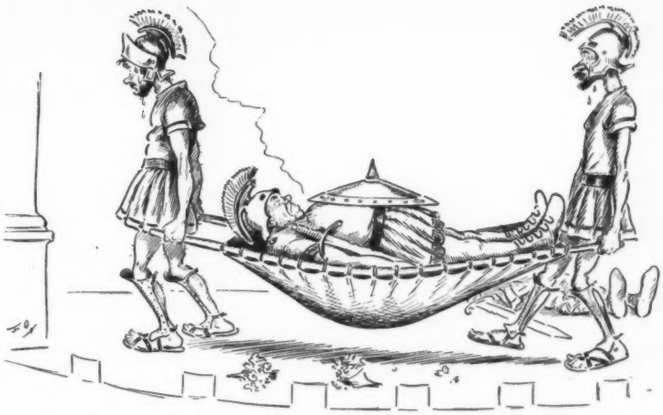
JENKINS.— Is that so? Then we will find out just how slowly a bicycle can go without falling down.

HEADS OR HEELS.

TEACHER.— What is the chief end of man?

SHARP BOY.— It all depends on whether the man is a statesman or a dancing master.

IT IS significant that "ill" rhymes with "pill," and more than a coincidence that both rhyme with "bill."



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"A HEAVY TRAGEDIAN."

"MAN NEVER IS, BUT ALWAYS TO BE BLEST."

ACT I.

"You look nervous, Hopely. What 's the matter?"

"I — I 've made up my mind to propose to Miss Sweetley to-night. I tell you, old man, if she accept me, I 'll be the happiest man alive."

ACT II.

"You look nervous, Hopely. What 's the matter?"

"Don't you know? Why, I 'm going to marry Mabel — Miss Sweetley — to-night! I tell you, old man, I 'll be the happiest man alive."

ACT III.

"You look nervous, Hopely. What 's the matter?"

"I 'll know to-night whether the Court 's granted my divorce. I tell you, old man, if it does, I 'll be the happiest man alive."

MISPLACED.

He played his favorite for a place,
And then he dropped a tear.
If he had only known that horse! —
His place was in the rear.

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UP TO DATE.

FRIEND.— Are those game cocks?

SUBURBANITE.— Yes — an improved breed.

FRIEND.— What is their strong point?

SUBURBANITE.— They crow at each other ferociously — spend their time arranging the preliminaries, as it were — but they never fight.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149—155 E. 14th St., New York.

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S—O—H—M—E—R.

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Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep **natural.** **Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

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"For several years I have recommended 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
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"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach "
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Yourself against all Impurities of the SKIN By USING No 4711 WHITE ROSE Glycerine Soap.
DELICACY OF PERFUME. NO ROSIN.
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If the men did n't oppose the women in their efforts to gain their rights, the women would n't think they had any rights to gain. — *Detroit Free Press.*

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GEORGE LUKDERS & CO., New York. Wholesale Agents.

THE bicycle is advertised as a great aid to health; but it would n't help the sale much to picture some men "before and after using." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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THE *Shawknit* HALF-HOSE

Save the Housewife Work

THEY WEAR A LONG TIME

BEFORE DARNING BECOMES NECESSARY.

They are the Most Durable half-hose in the market. They are also the Best-Fitting.

Descriptive Price-List, FREE, to any Applicant.

SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.

AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

BRONSON.—I don't know why Dumley wants to come to the Fair for? He 's dumb and can't utter a word.
DAWSON.—What difference does that make? He can see, smell, hear and taste.
BRONSON.—I know. But he can't *talk* about it afterwards.

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THE PUREST THE BEST

MAIL POUCH

PURE HARMLESS SATISFYING

NICOTINE NEUTRALIZED

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Sample photo and booklet for two 2-cent stamps.

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Expressage prepaid to any part of the U. S. on receipt of price.

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Send 10c. and a 2 oz. sample will be sent expressage prepaid.

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CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

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And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package.

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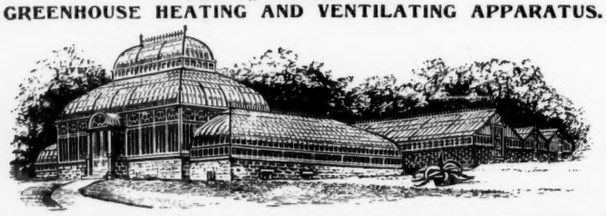

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YPSILANTI UNION SUITS FOR GENTLEMEN

The only correct form of underwear, embodying the true principles of hygiene. All discomforts of the ordinary under garment have been obviated by this great idea. Endorsed by eminent physicians and all promoters of physical culture. Send for a book which makes the reason clear.

HAY & TODD MFG. CO., YPSILANTI, MICH.

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MR. NEWWED *(sniffing)*.—These eggs do not seem very fresh.

YOUNG WIFE.—Nonsense, my dear. They are just out of the store.—*New York Weekly.*

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FALL STOCK

will be ready

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In the meantime we are selling our Summer Stock at very much reduced prices, to push it out of the way.

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$100

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"It's a hard world," he groaned. "No money, no friends—nothing offering!"

"Hill," said Whitney, in a hoarse whisper, "here 's your man! He 's at his row's end. Bet you he 'll take the Presidential nomination!"—*Washington Star.*

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Irritations of the SKIN and SCALP
Odors from Perspiration
Speedy Relief by Using

Packer's Tar Soap

"Antiseptic, Soothing and Healing."
—*Medical Chronicle.*

THOUGHTLESS PEOPLE.

ELEVATOR BOY.—I don't see what dese mugs is always in such a hurry fer de elevator fer.

MESSENGER BOY.—Nor me, neither.

ELEVATOR BOY.—I would n't mind if dey needed ter hurry, but dey knows just as well as I does dat der elevator runs all day till six o'clock. Dey gimme a pain.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

THE man who knows a gun is loaded, and the man who knows all about mushrooms sometimes forget.—*Adams Freeman.*

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

Genuine only with J. Liebig This signature in blue.

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is.

An absolutely pure, hygienic and nutritious extract of

MALT and HOPS,

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No Sediment whatever.

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COLUMBIAS

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THAT PLATE MEANS Columbia THE BEST BICYCLE

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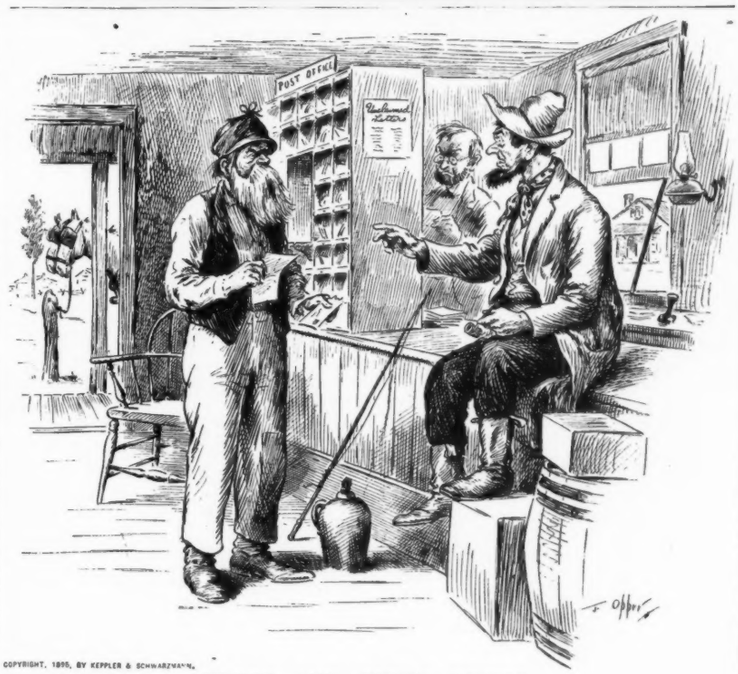

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BILL STEBBINS *(indignantly)*.—An' still them darn critters in the East is blamin' us fer wantin' cheap money!

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"Did Sharp recover that silk umbrella he lost last week?"

"He recovered one that he had n't lost."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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SHE *(in a bookstore)*.—Have you "A Man of To-Day?"

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The only perfect Bicycle Lantern, burns kerosene ten hours; central draft; flame adjustable

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Tobacco User's Sore Throat.

It 's so common that every tobacco user has an irritated throat that gradually develops into a serious condition, frequently consumption, and it 's the kind of a sore throat that never gets well as long as you use tobacco. The tobacco habit and sore throat cured by No-To-Bac. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

PURE PHILANTHROPY.

WEARY BUSINESS MAN *(hanging to strap)*.—Why in creation don't you run more cars?

STREET-CAR PRESIDENT.—My dear sir, it would pain me exceedingly to deprive courteous gentlemen like yourself of the privilege of giving up a seat to a lady.—*New York Weekly.*

A HELPING HAND.

GAZZINS.-Say, Bozzins, I want to go to New York the worst way! Can't you help me?

BOZZINS.-Certainly. If you want to go there the worst way, I can't think of any better way to help you than to advise you to walk.

—*Roxbury Gazette.*

Women and Women only

Are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP, and to discover new uses for it daily.

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A REASON D ETRE.

"I wonder," said the Washington Base-Ball Club, gloomily, "what we two or three chronic tail-enders are on earth for, anyhow."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the New York Nine; "we fellows have got to have somebody we can beat; haven't we?"—*Washington Star.*

MOST any country couple will confitle to you that a bicycle built for two can not be compared to a plush chair built for one, if you 'll keep it dark. — *Adams Freeman.*

UNEASY lies the head which wears a Presidential apiary.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD. ALL READY FOR USE, AND REQUIRES NO MIXING.

The Club Cocktails

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH, and YORK.

For the Yacht.
For the Sea Shore,
For the Mountains,
For the Fishing Party,
For the Camping Party,
For the Summer Hotel.

CONNOISSEURS agree that of two cocktails made of the same materials and proportions, the one which is aged must be the better.

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URBANA WINE COMPANY

Gold Seal Champagne

For Sale by All Leading Wine Dealers and Grocers

Address the Company: URBANA, N. Y.

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Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid*, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

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EASY.

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CUSTOMER.—You only have to count the amount of cash taken in, I suppose?

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But nobody dared to take up its challenge. — *Rockland Tribune.*

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SHE. — Don't you think that it is an uneven match? Why, he is at least a foot taller than she!

HE. — He will get "shorter" after he is married a year or two. —*Norristown Herald.*

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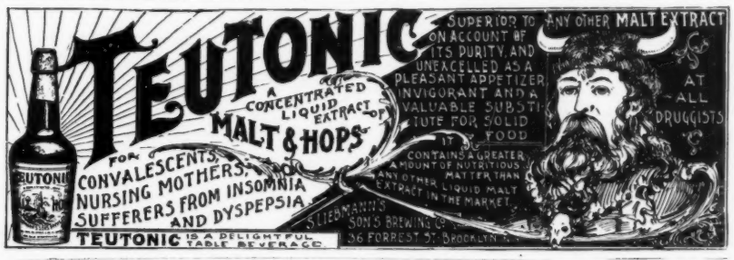

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The aged millionnaire arose and placed his last will and testament in a secret place.

"—I 'd 'a' left my money to the lawyers outright I could n't have done it better. For—"

He grinned maliciously.

"—never a relative of mine will touch one penny of all my wealth."

He had a dozen he hated as only a millionnaire can hate, and this was his twelfth will that named a separate one sole legatee.

With nerves unstrung and heads that ache
Wise women Bromo-Seltzer take.

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters will surely cure you.

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MR. GOTHAM.—Why do you always carry that tin pail with you when you go fishing on Sunday?

MR. VAN BLUNT *(of Hoboken).*—I put me mein fish vat I catch in dis pail, mit de cover on, und den ven I go me home de neighbors dink it is noddings but a kettle of beer.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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Bearing this Name are the TRADE CHESTER MARK *Best at Any Price.*

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A GOOD DEAL BUFFETED.

OLD GENTLEMAN *(as the train gets a terrific bump at a station).* — Phew! What 's that?

OLD LADY.—I guess they must be coupling on that buffet car we 've heard tell about. —*New York Weekly.*

A SACRED DUTY.

ZIBLER. — What is the duty on foreign cigars?

DOZLER.—I understand it 's to get about twice as much for them as for the domestic ones — *Roxbury Gazette.*

IT has just occurred to us to suggest that perhaps Holmes is the wretch who struck Billy Patterson.—*West Union Gazette.*

"JUST FOR FUN."

Pictures in Colors and Black-and-White,

By F. OPPER.

25c. All Dealers. 25c.

IMPOSSIBLE.

HARRY.—Now look at me as if you thought I were the only man in the world.

MAUDE.—My face is incapable of expressing such deep grief.—*Truth.*

THE SIMPLE CITY FOLKS.

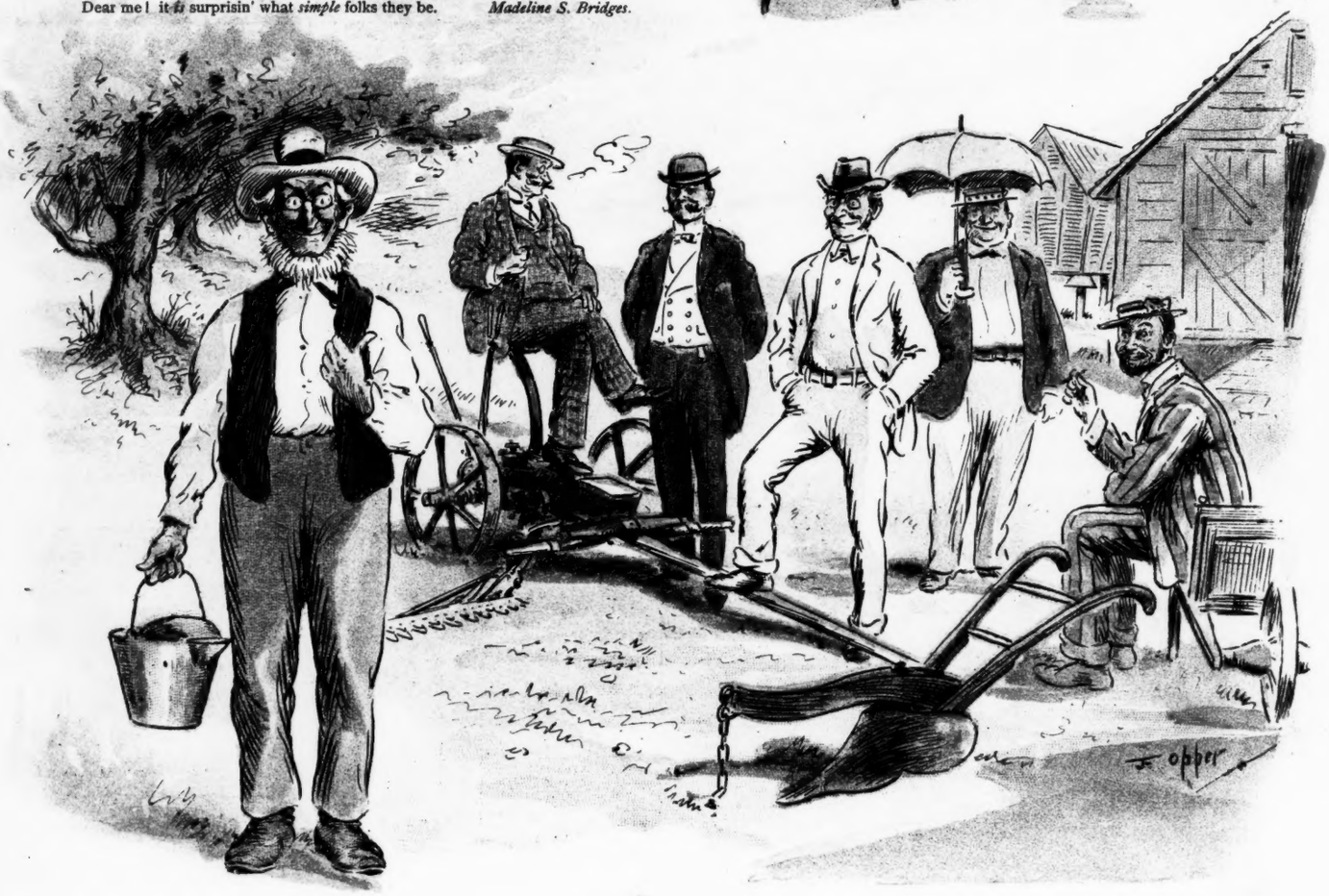
OH, YES! we got the house right full — all city people, too —
Payin' plank down fer everythin', the best I ever knew;
An', as for clo'es, an' rings, an' sech, I swan, it dazzles me!
But, land sakes! it 's surprisin', what simple folks they be!

They 're jes' like children, they 'll believe, why, any *sort* of chaff!
'T would do ye good to watch 'em set, an' laff, an' laff, an' laff;
The minute Par appears they all begin to smile, an' when
He wants to tell 'em jokes — you 'd ought to see 'em laffin', then.

An' my! the wimmen come to me — their ways are kinder nice —
Mothers, themselves, an' not so young, a-askin' my advice;
Yes, how I keep my eggs so fresh, an' what I put in dye,
An' how I make my buttermilk, an' git my cheese to dry.

The girls all want their fortunes told, in tea-grounds — I declare!
You 'd think I tell 'em gospel truth — they take it in fer fair.
An' the young men 's as innocent an' mild; I 'd like to know
However they grew up like that, an' keep on bein' so.

The ol' men move aroun' the farm, examinin' this an' that —
An' don' know plows from harrows, nor a beetle from a bat.
An' yit, with style an' money that is jes' a sight to see,
Dear me! it *is* surprisin' what *simple* folks they be. *Madeline S. Bridges.*



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